

THE
YOUTH'S DAYSPRING.

—
DECEMBER, 1851.
—



BOSTON:

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,
No. 33 Pemberton Square.

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THE YOUTH'S DAYSPRING.

Orders for the Youth's Dayspring, and payments for the same, should be addressed to AUGUSTUS DURANT, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. ; or to ALMON MERWIN, 150 Nassau street, New York. It will be forwarded to subscribers, in packages of ten or more, on the following terms :

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THE

YOUTH'S DAYSPRING.

VOLUME II.



BOSTON:

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

No. 33 Pemberton Square,

1851.



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YOUTH'S DAYSPRING.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1851.

No. 12.

KEEP THE WATCH WOUND UP.

WHEN George left home for school, he received from his father a very pretty watch. He was delighted with the gift. For some time he was careful to wind it up daily, and, as you may well suppose, he took great pains to preserve it free from accidents.—He had been taught to be orderly in his habits, and he now knew when to commence his recreations, and when to exchange them for study, and when the time came for his recitations, and also at what period to retire to rest. But one day when he looked at his watch to see if it was not time to leave off his play, he found that quite a part of the hour allotted to this still remained, and he pursued the game with even renewed ardor. When he consulted it again, his watch told him, to his surprise, that as much time remained as there did before. He clapped it to his ear; it had stopped! He thought a moment what it could mean, when it suddenly darted into his mind, that he had neglected to wind it up. In consequence every thing was deranged; much time was lost; his lesson was endangered; and with a sad heart he retraced his steps to his room. He should have remembered to wind up his watch.

Have you been interested in the Dayspring? Would you like to have it another year? Some of you would, I feel

assured; I wish it might be so with you all. Some of you may at times think that you would like to have it contain more stories. But it is not designed merely to amuse you. Those who write for it desire to interest you in the world's conversion. They want you to feel that you have a part to do in this work. Jesus is engaged in it. We know of nothing that is dearer to his heart. The best men and women on earth are laboring with him. Is it not a blessed privilege that you also are permitted to assist? The Dayspring seeks to encourage you in this. When you take it up, therefore, it must not be with the idea of being diverted for a half hour. Your thought must rather be when it comes on its monthly visits, 'I shall now learn more of what the gospel is doing for the heathen, and be incited to do more in this noblest of works.' Thus you will find the facts which missionaries and others tell you, of greater value than any stories. Your hearts will be made glad when you read how the light is spreading in "the dark places of the earth." You will shed tears of joy at the happy death of children. You will find yourselves richly repaid for all you have done, in seeing how highly many among the benighted nations prize the schools which you are sustaining. You will also be stirred up to greater efforts, from learning what is doing by others to raise money for these schools.

But if you would have the Dayspring another year, you must not forget to take the proper measures for it. *The watch must be wound up.* Now is the time for doing this. A little delay may prevent your receiving the first number in season. You will not in this case be so well informed as others. You will also lose some of your interest. Your loss will be like that of George, who neglected to wind up his watch. Every one of you, therefore, should see that his subscription is renewed immediately. Your pastor, or superintendent, or some other friend of missions will proba-

bly give you the opportunity. If they do not, you should engage your teacher to see that your Dayspring continues to come.

One word more. Are there any in your class who do not take it? Do you know of any one else who does not take it? Can you not persuade them to subscribe? The cost, you know, is only ten cents. One little boy, when he saw it, wanted it so much that he brought his purse and emptied out all his money, and was greatly surprised and delighted when he was told that the price was so small. Perhaps you may obtain quite a number of subscribers who will also soon love to help educate heathen children. Try, and do not forget to wind up your own watch.

[For the Youth's Dayspring.]

THE LAD WITH THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley-loaves, and two small fishes."—John vi. 9.

When by Christ the throng were led
Up the weary mountain-side,
Where the multitude were fed,
Who the wondrous food supplied?
Those five loaves, and fishes too,
Which for thousands were to do—
Who these loaves and fishes brought
Where the miracle was wrought?

Not the wife, nor mother, then
Might the rustic feast prepare;
Not the young, nor white-haired men,
Should provide the simple fare.
But a little Christian boy
For the work did Christ employ,
Pleased, his many friends among,
To distinguish one so young.

Still the Savior loves to count
Young disciples, fair and true,
Like the lad upon the mount,
Where his early friends he drew.
Every little gift and deed
He can bless, like planted seed,
Or the barley-loaves of old,
To increase a thousand-fold.

Though it be your only mite,
Spared to send his Word afar,
It may prove a ray of light
Spread and brightened to a star !
This the star of morn may be
O'er some land beyond the sea,
Opening up the dawning way
Of the peaceful gospel day.

Little friends of Jesus, aim,
While your life is in its flower,
With his spirit, in his name,
To commend his love and power.
Emulate the Hebrew lad,
Who, imparting what he had,
Saw the wonders Christ could do,
And the moral left to you.

H. F. GOULD.

MISSIONARIES HAPPY.

Many suppose that they who go to spend their days among the heathen are greatly to be pitied, they are so shut out from all that makes life happy with us. They indeed lack many things that we highly prize; sometimes they lack more of them than we can imagine, or they themselves describe; but they are not to be pitied. The station which they occupy is to be desired above all others. The condi-

tion of the man whom the people delight to honor, or his who possesses immense wealth, is not to be compared with that of the devoted missionary. What happiness it will afford them to be addressed by the Savior, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!" What happiness will be theirs as they "shall shine as the stars forever and ever!"

But they do not have to wait till the hour of death for the beginning of their joy. "Missionaries," says one who has had large opportunities for knowing, "are the happiest people on earth." A little while ago I heard a missionary who was driven home by a failure of health, and who longs to return, tell a Sabbath school, "I was never so happy as when on heathen ground, and never expect to be again." And now Mrs. Bridgman says to you in a letter from Shanghai, China, May 24, 1851: "It is six years to-day since I arrived in China. I cannot tell you, dear children, how thankful I am for the privilege of dwelling among this heathen people, and teaching them the blessed gospel." Then, partly from her own happiness in the work, and in part from the wretchedness of those who have not the gospel, she asks, "Who of you have consecrated yourselves to God in childhood in reference to the cause of missions? We read of many precious revivals in America. How many of you have been partakers of the blessings from on high? 'Freely ye have received; freely give.'"

JOURNEYING IN A TRANSIT BANDY.

Bangalore, April 1, 1851.

My Dear Young Friends,—I wish you to accompany me in a journey from our station at Madras to the Neilgherry Hills, a range of mountains in Southern India. But, you will ask, why should a missionary leave his station to visit mountains? Sometimes we leave our stations to preach in places in which there is no Christian minister; but this journey was for health. As you well know, the climate of India, though adapted to the Hindoos,

is not suited to the constitutions of those who live in Europe and America. Hence missionaries frequently become ill, and are compelled sometimes to return to their native land. Mrs. Dulles and myself have been sick very often, and the mission decided that we should visit the Neilgherry Hills, where the air is cold and bracing, from their great elevation, and try to regain our health and strength.

We left Madras just at dusk, our baggage having been sent off some days before in bullock bandies, (or carts,) which travel very slowly. We went in what is called a transit bandy. This is something like a little omnibus, drawn by one horse, but without any seats; so that when we put in a mattress, and lay down at full length, it was like a steamboat berth on wheels. We rode all night, for we wished to reach Wallahjapettah, near Arcot, before the hot sun should rise; but the road was so rough, and our horses (for the horse was changed every few miles) so weak, that at eight o'clock the next morning we were still twenty-three miles from our journey's end. We stopped therefore at a bungalow, or rest-house, and taking out of our tin box the tea-kettle and cups, with our cold provisions, had breakfast, and then drove on. These bungalows are one-story houses, built by the government for the entertainment of travelers; because in India there are not inns and hotels, as in America; nor can you stop at the houses of the natives, for it would pollute them to be entered by a Christian. Therefore in traveling, you must take your eating utensils and cooking apparatus, your bed and bedding, and all that you need by the way.

You will see, then, how great a comfort it is to have these rest-houses, to which you may resort on your journeys and find shelter from the scorching sun of the East. It is to this that the Psalmist refers in Psalm cxix. 54, when he says, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Whilst others sung of love, or of mirth, or of wine, he sung of the statutes of God; and I too have found it good, in these pilgrim houses, to remember the words of the Lord.

It was two o'clock before we reached Wallahjapettah, and we were glad indeed to leave our close bandy and receive a comfortable shelter and warm welcome at the house of Mr. Scudder. He had left Madras with his family, two months before, to commence a new station in this district; for from Madras to Arcot, and from

Arcot on to Bangalore, more than two hundred miles, there was not a single missionary. Neither is there any Christian minister, for many, many miles south or north of all this line, to preach the gospel to the poor idolatrous Hindoos, though you can settle down and live as safely, in any part of this country, as in Connecticut or Pennsylvania or Ohio. It made us very sad to leave our station at Madras, and our church members, and to dismiss a boys' and girls' school, and say that they could be taught no more; but, if young men were willing to leave home, it would not be so; for then some one would take our place. We have begged, over and over again, for men to help us; but how can the Board send them if they will not offer themselves for this work.

Dear children, this makes us very sad. Perhaps some of you may be permitted to come to India. Oh how should we rejoice to see you! Pray to God to open the way for you, and he may hear and answer your prayer.

Yours, &c.

JOHN W. DULLES.

FASHION A TYRANT EVERY WHERE.

The Chinese consider it the perfection of beauty in the feet of women, that they be extremely small. In order to produce this result, they bind the feet of female children so as to prevent them from growing. It is a cruel practice, as will be seen from the following account from Mrs. Bridgman.

"Every two or three days my ears are assailed by the screams of distress from a little child in a neighbor's house. The louder she cries with the pain, the tighter the old grandmother, (for it is her business,) draws the bandages, as I can see from my window. Yet, if I ask the girls of my school which they prefer, large or small feet, they say, 'The small feet are so pretty!' Such is the effect of fashion."

But has fashion no willing subjects in this Christian land? Do not multitudes eagerly obey it, even when its commands subject them to torture?



A PARSEE CEMETERY.

We have here one of the burial places of the Parsees. On a hill about three miles from Bombay, this circular building is erected. It is some twenty feet high, and open at the top,

with a diameter of fifty or sixty feet. Within there is a smooth pavement sloping to the centre. The bodies are laid on this pavement, which is divided into three distinct parts or rows; the outer for men, the middle for women, and the inner for children. The bodies are exposed naked to the sun and the rain, and are often destroyed by vultures and other birds of prey; the bones are left to fall into the well or pit in the centre.

But who are the Parsees? They went to the western provinces of India about a thousand years ago. Their original home was Persia. The ancient Persians were worshipers of fire, and when conquered by the Mohammedans, some of them fled to other countries. They were worshipers of fire in general, and particularly of the sun, which the more intelligent among them regarded as the visible image of the Creator. The Parsees still worship the same object, and great numbers of them may be seen at Bombay and Surat late in the afternoon, paying their homage to the setting sun.—*For. Miss.*

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

A little girl in Yorkshire, England, contrived to raise nineteen shillings for the Church Missionary Society in a somewhat curious way. In her neighborhood there are many washerwomen, and water is often scarce; she therefore obtained a tub, and caught and saved as much rain-water as she could. This she was accustomed to retail at one halfpenny per bucket. The washerwomen were very glad to give this sum for a nice pailful of clean soft water; and thus she obtained nearly a pound, or almost five dollars, for this cause. When she brought her contribution to the Secretary, she did not wish any name to be attached to it; but he told her that it must be recorded in his list as coming from some one. "Call it, then," said she, "RAIN FROM HEAVEN."—*Juv. Instr.*

FIFTEEN CENTS TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN.

The cover of the November Dayspring contains the acknowledgment of a donation of fifteen cents for the Children's Education Fund.

"But why call attention to so small a sum?"

The Savior once called attention to a much smaller one; besides, it was the dying gift of a child only ten years of age.

"Do not some children, however, give twice as many dollars as she gave cents?"

Yes, and it is extremely interesting to see such examples. They show what a hold the cause of missions is gaining on the hearts of the young. But, perhaps, those larger sums rarely cost the givers of them so much self-denial and suffering, as these few cents did this little girl. A disease of the heart made it very difficult for her to walk, or even to use her limbs. Notwithstanding, when the summer and autumn berries ripened, her little brothers and sisters who gathered them for the market, took her with them into the fields, and seating her in a shady place, would bring her branches of fruit which they had broken off, that she too might be employed. By this slow and weary labor, she came into possession of what was to her a large sum; and when at length she felt the hand of death upon her, she requested her mother to give it 'to send the gospel to the heathen.'

If she trusted also in the Savior whom she wished made known to the heathen, well may we exclaim, 'Happy, happy child!' She did not enter into rest, early as it was, before she had accomplished her work. It will be said of her in heaven, "She hath done what she could." The few cents that she gave are counted by the Savior as more precious than the princely gifts of many who are rich.



JUGGERNAUT.

Would you not suppose, if people were going to fashion an idol to worship, they would have it as beautiful as possible? But you do not see any beauty in the principal figure in the engraving. It would be quite difficult to form anything more uncouth. Yet that is an idol that is worshiped by millions. It is Juggernaut, "the lord of the world." And this is the

image of him, which is found in his largest and most holy temple.

The Bible in one place in describing idols, (you will find the description in the 115th Psalm,) says, "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not." But Juggernaut is worse off than even this; he cannot take care of his hands and feet. Every night they are removed from his body, and carefully locked up in a strong box. Why do you suppose this is done? It is to hinder them from being stolen; for, being of gold, they would be a rich prize to a thief. What, "the lord of the world" not able to defend himself against thieves! And do the men that know this, worship him, and put their trust in him? Such is idolatry. They who have not the gospel, are just so ignorant and foolish.

It is the dressing scene of the morning that is represented in the engraving. The Brahmins have put on one hand, and are slipping the other on the stump of the arm. The feet stand ready to be put in their place, as soon as the rich cashmere shawls are thrown around the body. But, adorn him as much as they please, he will be a hideous idol still. And when night comes they must strip off his ornaments, and lock up his hands and his feet to keep them from being stolen! Can such a god save them? How can they be so senseless as to believe it?

The greater part of the heathen bow down to such idols. Parents teach their children to worship them. They do not know the God who created the heavens and the earth. They have not heard how Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them. They are not made happy when they die, by the expectation of going to be with him. Do you not pity them? Will you not send them those who shall teach them the way to be saved?

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The Collier Boy.

" You all know," said a gentleman, addressing some children who worked in the mines, in Yorkshire, " what it is to work down in the coal pits, for many of you spend your days in them. There was a few days ago a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, who was brought before some gentlemen, to be questioned about his work, for they were thinking about passing those laws, which have been since made, to forbid such very little children working under ground. They asked him his age, then what he had to do. He answered that every day, from five in the morning till five in the evening, he sat without a light, beside a little door in the dark coal passage in the mine, and when he heard one of the "*corves*" or boxes come rumbling along, he opened the door by a piece of string which he held in his hand. He was asked whether he had no way of amusing himself. Once he had caught a mouse, and this was quite an event in his life! But his chief, indeed his only way of amusing himself, was by begging of every one who came through the door, a piece of candle end, and then, when he had collected a sufficient number of pieces, he set light to them all. 'Well,' said the gentlemen, 'and when you have got a light, what do you do?' 'Oh,' said the little fellow, '*WHEN I GETS A LIGHT, I SINGS.*' Now my dear children, this is a simple, touching story, but there is a lesson I want you to learn from it, and it is this. We are met to-day to think, hear, and learn, about the poor heathen in distant lands, and they are like this poor child in the coal pit; they live in darkness, in utter spiritual darkness. They are, the Bible tells us, '*sitting in darkness*,' without God, without Christ, without hope. Now the object of missionaries is to take light to them, the light of the gospel; and the use of missionary meetings is to stir up people to help in this blessed work. You, my dear children, give your pennies and your half-pennies, and they are like the little boy's candle-ends which he begged of the men as they passed. They go towards getting the light of the gospel spread abroad among the heathen; and when they have heard and believed the glad tidings of salvation, they sing praises to Him who has called them out of darkness into his marvelous light, just as the child said he sang when he had got a light in his coal pit."—*Chil. Miss. Mag.*

Lions made Lambs.

Mr. Buzacott, of Raratonga, related in London the following anecdote :—

" At the close of our last May meeting of the young," said he, " an old warrior got up, and begged the privilege of addressing the children. He began,—' Children, you live under a very dif-

ferent dispensation from that under which we lived, when I was a child. *Then*, children were not safe away from their parents; they dared not stray out of their district, for lions,—human lions,—prowled about, seeking whom they might devour.'

"I knew a man who had a nice little son, of whom he appeared fond. On one occasion, caressing the little fellow, he said, 'Son, you will some day become a warrior.' This was the highest compliment that the parent could pay the child, and the latter was very much gratified. In process of time, the child became a little, stout, plump fellow; and the father said to him, 'Son, my appetite for you I cannot control.' 'What,' replied the son, 'I thought you told me I was to be a warrior?' 'I did; but your head looks so fat and so nice;' and, without further ado, he killed, baked, and actually ate his own son. This produced no further emotion in the island (such was its awful state of degradation at that time!) than would have been produced in our country by a parent ill-using his child. But these human lions have now, many of them, become lambs.

"I will illustrate this by another fact. I was once very powerfully struck with the fulfillment of that beautiful passage recorded in Isaiah,—'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.' Our chief, Makea, of whom you have heard and read much, and who is frequently mentioned in Mr. Williams's work, was one of these savage lions. He was accustomed to prowl about, with an immense club over his shoulder; and it was his savage delight to butcher whoever came in his way. After he became, I trust, a child of God, I called to see him, and found this former lion sitting with a little child, who was teaching him to read. I could not but call to mind the latter part of that verse,—'A little child shall lead them.'"

Putting Children to Sleep on the Hills.

The females of the Hill Country in the northern part of India, near the Himalaya mountains, in order to put their children to sleep, place them under a trickling stream of water, which, falling upon their heads from something like a wooden spout, has the effect of lulling and soothing them in such a way, that sound sleep is the result. The contrivance is truly a curious one, and shows some ingenuity; yet the minds of these poor heathen mothers are as dark with respect to the things of God as possible. Indeed, in all countries where the gospel is unknown, the females are always in a deplorable condition, as respects both this world and the next. Not only have they no hope for eternity, but their existence here on earth is for the most part wretched in the extreme.—*Juv. Instr.*